

Flashed

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Category: Halo

Genre: Humor, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Master Chief/John-117

Status: Completed

Published: 2012-12-31 02:37:13

Updated: 2012-12-31 02:37:13

Packaged: 2016-04-27 02:55:59

Rating: M

Chapters: 1

Words: 681

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Dares were forced, She was going to make it endorsed.

Turning a corner he would never suspect, Her boobs he was subject.

What none knew, lovers they were flew.

Flashed

Oneshot: Flashed

"I dare you to-" The girls giggled as the dare was bestowed upon one of their close friends. The dared was the only one not to join in the gaggle of giggles. Her eyes wide she shook her head, trying to back out of the dare without actually backing out. Though she knew it was useless. Her friends weren't the kind of girls to let her back out without repercussions.

"Do I have to?" She was begging for a way out of this. Sure all of this was just for fun and giggles, but this was going a bit too far.

"Yes, or you suffer as Penelope has." The one who had dared her pointed to a now bald girl who was looking longingly at a pile of brown hair.

Bitting her lips he thought about this all and let her head fall in defeat. "We could all be thrown out for this, you know. A dishonorable discharge." As an ODST she had to set an example for the Marines. Thought at this moment in time, or rather when she actually did the dare, she would be setting an example of what not to do.

"Yeah, yeah, yeah," the girl who had dared her grumbled, "and that's why Penny here," meaning the now bald girl, "is going to talk with the techies. You've got ten minutes or we are all exposed."

Penny went to do as she had been assigned and the three girls left

over followed the dared girl. They stayed behind several paces and just as they were about to pass a hallway a man walked out startling them. He too was shocked and was about to say something when his eyes darted to the girl that had been dared. He studied her for a moment.

Her face was a bright red and she refused to make contact with him. His eyes were trained to see everything. It was immediate that he noticed her perky nipples through her thin shirt. "I'm sorry," she mumbled and her shirt was lifted revealing perfectly round orbs, the tips a bright and pointed pink. His brown eyes widened as he took in the sight of her breasts and flat stomach. They snapped back to her face as she tugged her regulation black shirt down.

"Private!" He snapped. Anger clear on his face as he nearly sneered at her. Only as he spoke did the other girls realize who he was and all four of them snapped to attention and saluted him.

"Master Chief, sir!" They cried in unison. John didn't return the salute, he just kept his eyes on furiously blushing ODST Private.

"Private, a word? Without the Marines." She saluted John and followed him stiffly. They turned the corner and once they were out of sight of the marines she was lifted up and pushed against the wall. "I would prefer you not to do that again, and," his hips ground up against hers and she gasped at the feeling of his hardness, "meet me in my room soon?" It was closer to begging than anything else.

"Of course, John." She agreed and stole a kiss before wiggling free and running off to join up with her Marine friends.

"Chief," Cortana's voice called from a camera that was directed right at him, "I deleted the feed and looped it so it looks like they were standing there talking. I also deleted this little scene between you too."

"Thank you, Cortana." John called out.

"And, Chief," She called again as the camera moved back into it's original position.

"Yes, Cortana?" He questioned when she didn't continue.

"The Private just told her friends she was going to her dorm for the night to escape the embarrassment and to rest for her drop tomorrow."

"Of course." John didn't let the disappointment he felt show.

"She's headed in the wrong direction." John's face light up and he headed towards his room. Though Cortana was AI, a computer, the humor in her voice at knowing about his late night romps with the Private was discernible.

End
file.